*WITHIN A MILE OF*

# EDINBRO TOWN

'TWAS within a mile of Edinboro' town,
In the roſy time of the year,
Sweet flowers had bloomed and graſs was down,
Each Shepherd woo'd his dear;
Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
Kiſs'd ſweet Jenny making hay,
The laſs ſhe bluſh'd and frowning cried,
Ah na, it will na do,
I canna, canna, winna, munna buckle too.

For Jockey was a lad that never would wed
Though long he follow'd the laſs,
Contented ſhe was to eat her brown bread,
And ſo cheerfully turn'd up the graſs.
Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
Kiſs'd ſweet Jenny, &c.

But when he told her he'd make her his bride
Though his flocks and herds were not few
She gave him her hand and a kiſs beſide,
And vow'd ſhe would ever be true.
Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
She bluſh'd no more, no more ſhe cried
Ah na, &c.

J. JENNINGS, PRINTER, SHEFFIELD.